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"Good Times."

Two happy words like far-off chimes
Sound cheerily to men: "Good Times."
Half-hushed in distance though they seem,
Their peal calls back hope gone astray,
And sings of help not far away--
A daily trust, a nightly dream.

Ah when, ah how, shall be fulfilled
This deep desire, of God instilled?
Mock not the yearnings of our race,
The forethought of some final good
Which first flashed into human mood
When sword flames blanched the first man's face!

For poet, warrior, saint and king
Have served those chimes "Good Times" that ring,
In strength of deed and song and prayer;
And shall we say that, serpent-like,
Man on himself must turn and strike
The fangs of death, in last despair?

Despairing that the earth should know
An ending of the reign of woe?
Nay, hearken! Still that song, "Good Times"!
Through storm and shine, from sea to sea,
That music, wrought invisibly,
Floats still, to fill all lands and climes.

Like bells of churches built for Christ—
The meek, rejected, sacrificed.
The Promised and the Promiser—
Like holy bells, this glad refrain
Shall greet the coming year again,
And set fond hearts with joy astir.

Yet dream not that the goal is won,
A thousand courses round the sun
Have steeped the world in broader light;
But woe is me!—look back, look back;
The fairest seasons in our track
Are but dead leaves, and dim as night.

And lo! where echoing spires arise
And kiss, to-day, the morning skies,
To-night the shapes of wrong and shame—
A quicksand shoal of faces—pass
And wither from the glare of gas
Back to the wild haunts whence they came.

What though the wheels of trade go round
And streets are filled with jocund sound?
The weather-vane of work and play
And gusty grief can make no law;
But One long since the plan foresaw
And fashioned bright or dark our day.

Ah! man, your church-bell and your praise
And all your fortunate-seeming ways
Shall scarcely bring you to the mark!
Of truth of book and good of gold
What worth, unless your heart shall hold
The everlasting morning spark?

—*George P. Lathrop, in Atlantic Monthly*

Bill and the Widow.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night-gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But, then, it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I dont bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Billy Smiley.

He was a rather good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good old soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, and a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance, like a rooster on a grasshopper.

But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though since she had been a widow he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show, that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his gal are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak to her. By jingo, if I was a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Sockrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he! Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine, and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the best of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarcely help laughing outright; but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her—until at a distance of about a mile from the house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the plank, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumbfounded at his piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth had cost him so much, and, the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider.

Well, he must try and get them somehow and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and, besides, if he did, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road, to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water, but his teeth didn't chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and came out with his teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, an! his horse is starting.

"Whoa! whoa! Stop you brute, you, stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and the animal took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to get out, she went ont to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. She did not offer to go. He did not ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go—of course she would. But wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said; and he would go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

What a scrape," said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and wriggled into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in there swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse, just now?"

"No, sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up those lines, will you, please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," she said; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my," said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out. As she did so a long silk neck-tie showed over the end of the boot.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley - a neck-tie?"

"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

Then they went on quite a distance, he holding her hand in his, and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched, and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start, which came very near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on again?"

"I can't," said Bill. "I've got—that is, I—I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me!"

She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance, and went over the low back buggy.

The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was up in a moment, and, leaning over the back of the seat, was humbly apologizing and explaining, when, Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped.

Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was likely to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.

Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night; but will conclude by saying that they all went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

Postal Card Troubles.

Postal cards are very handy to use and withal a great convenience, but the chances that one of them will fail to reach its destination are much greater than in the case of a letter. This is not because of any fault on the part of the Department but the result of carelessness on the part of the sender. There being no privacy to the cards, and the messages they hear being generally of minor importance, leads the post-office officials to treat them with little consideration when once they go astray. "Bushels of them are burnt every month in this city," said a clerk in the Boston post office, recently. "We make no effort to return them to senders, but simply throw them aside." The slips which will consign a postal card to the limbo of the unredeemed are many. Anything (except a stamp) stuck to either side; failure to put the address on the side designated for it, and the writing of anything except the address on the stamped side, are among them. A good plan is to first address the card and then write the message. Large numbers of cards are daily received at the various offices with no written or printed address in the proper place.

Brains and Skulls.

The average weight of the brain of a fish, compared with the weight of its body, is as 1 to 5,668; that of a reptile, 1 to 1,321; a bird, 1 to 212; a monkey, 1 to 20; a horse, 1 to 768. The average weight of the brain of a man, compared with that of his body, is ordinarily as 1 to 50. Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, had the heaviest brain on record; it weighed sixty-four and one-third ounces. The next heaviest was that of Daniel Webster, which weighed sixty-three and three-quarter ounces; and the next was the brain of Ruloff, the Binghampton (N. Y.) murderer, which turned the scales at fifty-nine ounces. After the death of Mr. Webster it was discovered that his brain was diseased. The cavity of his skull contained one hundred and twenty-two cubic inches, while the cavity of Ruloff's cranium measured one hundred and twenty cubic inches. This latter fact is an argument in favor of the theory that, however much the brain may be the organ of intelligence, we cannot judge a man's morality from the weight of his brain or the size of his skull.—*Professor William Hammond.*

A Change of Climate.

Yesterday morning a forlorn cricket that had been tempted out of doors by the warm weather of the preceding days was shivering along the streets looking at a cheap second-hand ulster and wishing that he were home, when he met a wasp that had been locked out during the fall house-cleaning.

"I am almost frozen," said the cricket, "my hands are fairly numb with cold."

"Put them in my coat-tail pockets," replied the wasp, cheerfully, "and warm them."

The cricket did so, and the wasp immediately warmed him with the improved heating machinery located in the after part of his system. The cricket merely paused to remark that there appeared to be a cayenne pepper manufactory in the neighborhood, crawled under the plank walk to die, while the wasp, who was fond of his little joke, went away singing merrily, "Come, come away to the try-sting place."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Music at the Paris Exposition.

Gen. Torben, United States consul general at Paris, has transmitted to Governor McCormick, commissioner-general of the United States to the Paris exposition, full details of the proposed international musical festival, which is to take place in connection with the exposition The invitation to participate in these entertainments has already been accepted by England, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Prussia and other European nations. All lists of authors, and, so far as possible, the names of the pieces of music to be performed, must be sent in as early as the 1st of May. The French commissioner-general, however, reserves the right to revise the lists if he shall find it necessary for the purpose of excluding anything calculated to provoke political manifestations or to wound national sensibilities. Changes in the programmes or additions to them may also be made after the 1st of May by permission of the commissioner-general. No applications will be received by the French authorities from individuals or associations, unless presented through their respective commissioners-general. No question will be raised as to the nationality of the performers. They will be regarded as representing the country under whose flag they are presented.

The Grande Salle du Trocadero, which will accommodate nearly five thousand people, as well as a smaller concert room in the same building, will be placed at the disposal of the performers free of charge. The receipts of each concert will belong to the nation by which it is given; but from these receipts must be paid all the incidental expenses, except those pertaining to the police arrangements, which will be assumed by the French government.

Each country must provide for its own wants with respect to orchestral or other accompaniments.

The music of living composers can be presented only by the nations to which they respectively belong, but out of regard to the exigencies of those countries which have been relatively unproductive of music, the works of dead composers may be selected at will by any nation.

Applications will be made for a reduction of the rates of transportation for persons and material from the French ports to Paris, and the suspension of the rights of authors and editors will also be requested by the French commissioner-general.

The main objects sought in giving this festival are variety of musical composition, excellence of execution and the expression of character and sentiment as translated in music. The French authorities are earnest in the desire that the United States may be represented with an ample programme.—*New York Herald.*

Facts and Figures About New York.

New York city's population is about 1,200,000. The number of families living in the city is 185,789; dwelling houses, 67,200; houses containing three or more families are classed as tenements and number 20,000, with a population of 500,000. Of this number 523,198 were born in the United States, while forty different nationalities supply a foreign population of 419,094. During the past year there were 50,000 marriages, 35,000 births, and 30,709 deaths. The total value of property within the city limits is set down as $1,101,092,093, paying taxes to the amount of $32,000,000.

There are 489 places of religious worship—one church for every 2,045 of the population. There are 418 Sabbath schools with an attendance of 115,826 pupils. 122,997 children are instructed in the public schools at an expense of nearly $4,000,000. A careful estimate gives ten thousand children living in the streets uncared for.

Of drinking saloons, licensed and otherwise, there are 7,874, absorbing about $60,000,000 a year, while the total cost of supporting the 489 churches is less than $5,000,000 per annum. This would give each boy and girl in the city a capital of $300 to start life with. To these saloons is chargeable seventy-five per cent, of the pauperism and crime of the city. The city authorities—the commissioners of public charities and correction—require $500,000 annually to maintain the public institutions—the almshouses, hospitals, and prisons.

There were 92,830 arrests by the police during the past year. Of the 47,569 persons committed to the city prison, 35,676 were of intemperate habits.

The police stations lodged 185,124 persons; 22,782 out-door poor were relieved.—*New York Sun.*

An Old Bullfighter's Struggle.

The London *Times'* Madrid correspondent gives this incident of the bullfights which made a part of the festivities following the marriage of the King of Spain: Casas, commonly called Salamanchino, is a veteran *matador*, seventy years of age, who, having figured in Queen Isabella's marriage festivities, wished, although he had long retired from the field, to appear in Friday's and Saturday's bullfights. He appeared dressed in blue, embroidered with silver; his gray hair was gathered into a knot behind; and over his pure white shirt waved a long, red cravet. On the fourth bull being let loose he advanced toward the royal box to request permision to encounter it. All the *torreros* clustered round him to protect him. The bull is attracted toward Salamanchino, who holds his scarlet mantle in one hand and his sword in the other.

The struggle commences, but Casas is old, he is not firm on his legs, his muscles are not supple, his arm is not sure. Twice the bull throws him down. He is thought to be dead, but he is up again and returns to the fight. There is a cry of "*Fuera!*" and pocket-handkerchiefs are waved to stop him; but the obstinate *matador* wishes to win a last laurel. Fortune however, is, unpropitious; seven times he attacks the bull, seven times he misses it. According to custom, after seven unsuccessful attacks, the bull's life is safe, and, shaking its streamers may re-enter the "Teril" amid the applause of the spectators; while, on the other hand its unfortunate combatant is hissed.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Reasons for Tillage.

Sand, unlike clay and muck, has no pores for holding water. In sand the water is held between the particles; in clay and muck it is held both between and within. This is why muck and clay shrink by drying, while sand does not. A soil to be in the best condition for receiving and holding the proper quantity of water for plants should be naturally compact, but light at the surface, and firm beneath. The old custom, taught by early writers, of stirring the surface soil in dry weather to make it take in water from the atmosphere, is all wrong, for soils do not absorb water from the atmosphere except in the form of dew. When a crust is formed upon a soil by rains, it should be broken up to prevent evaporation, which is very active through such a crust. But the soil should be stirred very shallow at such times; stirring deeply and often with a cultivator in dry weather tends to dry the soil by exposing large portions of it to the drying influences of the atmosphere, but a shallow stirring after a crust is formed is like cutting a lamp-wick just above the oil. The connection is broken in both cases. The best soil for conserving moisture is that made of materials which within themselves fine tubes from the top to the bottom, through which the moisture low down can be carried for the use of plants. The poorest soil for holding moisture is that with a fine surface, capable of great evaporation, overlying a loose, coarse sand, incapable of carrying up water to the surface soil; though such a scil cannot dry quite as rapidly after rains as if the bottom soil had a greater capacity for sucking down capillary moisture. Soils need plowing and cultivating to keep these capillary tubes active and in order. A dormant soil, like that of an old mowing field or pasture, is acted upon by every rain, like mason work under the mason's trowel. The chinks in the soil are constantly filling. We should plow to break up this mason work, and to multiply these water tubes.—*Professor S. W. Johnson.*

Live and Dressed Weight of Fowls.

In marketing fowls the question sometimes comes up as to the most profitable mode for selling them—whether alive or dead. In order to test this to my own satisfaction I have at different times, through several years, ascertained and recorded the facts bearing on this point. The table below gives the result:

—	Live weight.	Dressed for market.	Dressed for cooking.	Per cent. of loss for market.	Per cent. of loss for cooking.
	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.		
1. ..	6 1	5 2	4 10	15.4	28.8
2....	6 12	5 12	4 10	14 8	31.4
3 ...	7 5	6 2	5 3	16.2	29.0
4....	7 0	5 15	4 15	15 1	29.4
5....10	0	8 12	7 4	12.5	27.5
6....	9 8	8 8	7 3	10.5	24 3
7....	6 1	5 2	4 5	15.3	28.8
	52 11	45 5	38 2	14.2	28.4

These fowls were all of the light Brahma variety, and most of them young cocks. The loss in dressing for market was probably somewhat greater than is usually the case, as the heads were cut off in order to avoid the barbarous mode of throat sticking, and the wing and tail feathers were also stripped off. At sixteen cents per pound alive they would have brought $8.43. To bring this sum dressed, they should sell for 18.56 cents per pound, with nothing for the work of picking. And dressed, drawn, etc., they should bring a very small fraction over twenty-two cents a pound, also without pay for the extra work. These figures will be useful to some persons who do not raise their own poultry for the table, as they can, by their light, make a pretty close estimate whether it is cheaper to buy chickens "on the hoof" for their tables, or buy of the market men dressed—that is, with heads, tails, entrails and wing feathers all thrown in. Dressed in this way, which is the fashionable way, the loss in preparing them for cooking will be more than I have figured it—say at least thirty per centum instead of about twenty-eight and one-half, and it may even reach thirty-three or thirty-four.—*Letter to Country Gentleman.*

Household Hints.

FINGER MARKS.—Finger marks may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a little sweet oil upon a soft rag Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other material.

TO REMOVE SPOTS OF BLACKING FROM CARPET.—Spots of blacking may be taken from carpets with a mixture of one ounce of powered borax, dissolved in one quart of boiling water and a small piece of soap, about the size of a walnut, cut fine and dissolved with the borax; bottle this up, and use to take spots from carpets or clothes.

FOR PREPARING LARD TO KEEP THROUGH THE SUMMER.—To one gallon of lard put one ounce of sal soda, dissolved in a gill of water. Do not fill your kettles more than half full, for it will foam and perhaps boil over. No other water is required than what the soda is dissolved in. When it is done it will be very clear, and will keep two years. Strain through a coarse cloth and set away.

SOAP.—Dissolve three pounds sal-soda in two gallons of water; slack in a firkin three pounds of good quick-lime; add to it the soda solution; stir the whole thoroughly with a stick, and add two gallons of boiling water; stir again and let it settle; pour off the clean liquor in a clean iron boiler placed on the fire, and stir into it six pounds of clarified grease and one pound of powered borax; let it boil slowly until it gets ropy, (about ten minutes boiling) and pour it into a tub or tight box; this makes a good hard soap for family use; after drying a month or so in a dry room, and cut into bars, it is fit for use.

Statistics lately made public show the sheep in the various countries noted below to be as follows: In the United Kingdom in 1876, there were 32,252,579 sheep; in Russia, in 1870, there were 48,130,000; in Germany, in 1873, there were 24,999,406; in Austria, in 1871, there were 20,103,395; in France, in 1872, there were 24,589,647; and in Spain, in 1865, there were 22,054,967—showing a total in Europe of about 190,000,000. In Australia in 1875, there were 62,000,000; Cape, 16,000,000; River Plata, 60,000,000; North America, 50,000,000; and total, 385,000,000. Turkey, North Africa, Persia, etc., say 65,000,000; India and China, say 35,000,000. Grand total, 484,000,000.

The Story of an Invention.

It may not be generally known that an important invention in connection with the manufacture of carpets originated as follows: An operative weaver, in one of the largest establishments in this country, was engaged in weaving a carpet that in its finished stage would appear as a velvet pile. At that period this description of carpet was woven much in the manner of Brussels, the loops being afterward cut by hand—a slow and costly process. These loops are formed by the insertion of wires of the requisite thickness to form the loop; they are then withdrawn. This weaver—whether by cogitation or as the result of a bright thought—came to the conclusion that if these wires were so constructed as, on being withdrawn, to cut the loops, thus instantly completing the formation of the pile, it would be a great saving of labor and time, and a great economy. Taking one of the rods, he changed its form to the required shape, ground a knife edge upon it, took it to his looms, and inserted it in the web—all the while maintaining strict secrecy—and with some degree of excitement watched its weaving down until the moment for its withdrawal. This came, the rod, was drawn out, the loops were cut, and the experiment was a perfect success, the pile being cut with great evenness.

The weaver, with a shrewdness often wanting in inventors, doubled up the rod and hid it away, wove down the line of cut loops upon the roll, then "knocked off," or stopped his loom, and proceeded to the office of the mill, where he demanded to see the principal. The clerk demurred to this, asking if he himself could not do all that was required; but no, the weaver persisted. Then the manager tried, with the same result; only the principal would suit the weaver. The employer was informed of the operative's persistence in determining to see him; so he at once ordered him to be admitted. This was done, and the weaver stepped into the well furnished and handsomely carpeted office of the manufacturer. His employer addressed him: "Well, John" (for so we will call him), "what is it you want?" "Well, maister, I've getten summut yo mun hev," replied John. "Wodn't yo like a way ut makkin t' loom cut th' velvet piles?" continued the weaver. "Yes! that I would!" replied the employer; "and I will reward any man handsomely who brings me a plan of doing it," added he. "Awm yore mon, then," said the operative. "Wod'll yo gi' me?" he further asked. After some further conversation a bargain was struck, and a sum agreed upon, which the weaver should be entitled to claim in the event of his plan for automatically cutting the pile of the carpet being a success. Arrangements were made its trial; the weaver made his preparations; the master, the manager, and one or two confidential employees gathered around the loom upon which the experiment had to be made, all others being sent outside the range of observation. The new form of wires were inserted, woven down, and withdrawn, leaving a well cut pile upon the face of the carpet. The weaver had won his reward, for it was honorably paid. An annuity of £100 was settled upon him, which he continued to enjoy until within a recent date, and for anything we know to the contrary may be enjoying yet. He retired from the weaving shed, determined to spend the rest of his days in ease and comfort. His employer secured by patent the benefits of his invention, it being one, among several others, which contributed to place that manufacturing establishment in the foremost rank in the trade, while its owners attained wealth and social eminence as the reward of their prudent enterprise. —*Textile Manufacturer.*

Fashion Notes.

Ashes of roses is a revived color this spring.

Button roses will be the favorite roses this spring.

The new beige color is a grayish, greenish brown or drab.

The popular color this spring is beige in numerous shades.

Poppies and honeysuckle buds are favorite artificials this season.

Bonnets are trimmed with shaded moire and satin-faced ribbons.

Roman pearl beads are used in quantities for trimming spring bonnets.

Pearl fringes and pearl galloons are seen among spring millinery goods.

Ombre, or shaded moire and satin-faced ribbons, are very fashionable.

Colored embroidery is appearing on the broad cuffs and collars for spring wear.

Roman pearl beads are made in shaded colors to match ribbons and other trimmings.

Velvet striped and plush striped grenadine gauzes are used in trimming spring bonnets.

Very high Spanish combs in silver filagree, ivory, coral, jet and shell are very fashionable.

Low necked sleeveless princess dresses, with long trains and very square cut pompadour corsages are much worn this ball season.

The Mercedes coqueterie is a beautiful improvement on the false fronts which have become so indispensable among the toilet effects of ladies.

Ostrich tips, with marabout ends tipped with pearl-beads, and with the central stem ornamented with tiny sea shells, are among the novelties in millinery.

The Farmer's Independence.

During these times of business failures, when men supposed to be millionaires, by reverses have become bank rupt, none is so free and independent as the owner and occupier of an unincumbered farm. Financial panics and depressions may come and go without seriously affecting him. For the products of the soil there must be, under all circumstances, a ceaseless and remunerative demand. Out of the numerous business failures throughout the country, but a small per centage are those of farmers, who, as a rule, go on prospering despite all monetary vicissitudes and fluctuations.

Items of Interest.

The mourning color of the Turks is blue.

A Lecture Field that no man has yet taken—Kate Field.

Motto for the Crispins—"Strike till the last armed foe expires!"

Thieves in Quebec steal the fur caps from the heads of the passers-by.

The man who takes the most interest in his business—the money lender.

The great difficulty in skating is to maintain unanimity among your feet.

The rats in an Ohio barn rose in their might and killed the dog that had been sent in to exterminate them.

There are now 851 manufacturing establishments in San Francisco, whose aggregate products amount to $62,338,000.

Great Britain has 154,584 acres in orchards, 38,957 acres in market gardens, 12,042 acres in nurseries, and 2,187,078 acres in forest.

The Ashtabula accident cost the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway company $483,940, and all the claims on account of the accident have been settled.

The worst we ever heard—What is the difference between a man struck with amazement and a leopard's tail? One is rooted to the spot, and the other is spotted to the root.

He—"By Jove, you know—upon my word—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life." She—"Haven't you seen a ghost?"

The British government has entered into a contract for the supply of a large number of telephones, and the introduction of the new invention into the postal service promises to become general.

John Rhodes, an English miser, living at Hounslow, died recently at the age of eighty, leaving $500,000 to various London charities. He dressed like a tramp and systematically starved himself.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.

"Reduced to $7," remarked Jones, as he passed a fashionable tailor's store and read the above statement prominently displayed on an overcoat. "That's nothing; I am reduced to a much smaller sum than that myself."

You can sell your cat for ten dollars in the Black Hills. It will cost you eighty-five dollars to get out there with the cat, and get home again, but then you will be rid of the cat, and that is worth one hundred and twenty dollars to any one.

THE POTATO.

I'm a careless potato, and care not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill-wise or dibbled me
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The bean and the pea may more loftily tower
But I care not a button for them:
Defiance I nod with beautiful flower
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.
—*Thomas Moore.*

The banyan tree of India is sometimes found to spread out so as to show with one parent trunk three hundred and fifty stems descending, and again taking root in the ground, each stem equaling a large oak tree, while there are thousands of smaller ones. This tree is so expanded as to form a small forest of itself, wherein 7,000 persons could stand.

An Arkansas shot-gun is sometimes more merciful than an Arkansas husband. The other day a ruffian, deeming his long-time bed-ridden wife an incumbrance, undertook to shoot her, but the weapon refused to explode. Then seizing it by the muzzle he was about to dash out her brains, but the stock struck on the head-board of the bed and the contents of both barrels were lodged in the brute's body.

A singular discovery has been made on board the Irvine, a full-rigged vessel, recently in dry dock at Rotherhithe, London. The ship had recently arrived from Peru, at which place the body of a woman was found imbedded in the cargo, which consisted of soda. The body is in a good state of preservation, and is supposed to be that of a victim of an earthquake which occurred many hundred years ago in Peru. Rings are inserted in the ears.

The Louisville, (Ky.) *Argus* recalls this about the stalwart new justice of the United States supreme court: "The success which has attended the practice of General John M. Harlen is largely due to his physique and endurance. In the great Pullman palace car case he was employed on short notice as one of the counsel. He had but a day to post himself and study up the authorities, but he undertook the task. Locking himself up in his office with Judge Lochrane, of Georgia, and Mr. George M. Pullman, he examined them thoroughly upon it, grasping all the points, and collecting and arranging his citations. For twenty-four hours, during which time his companions alternated between sleeping and dispensing information, he studied the case, and at the end of that time he had every point at his fingers' ends, and was as fresh as a daisy."

An Excellent Varnish for Harness.

Procure at the druggist's or apothecary's store half a pound or a pound of gum shellac, according to the quantity desired; break the scales fine, and put them into a jug or bottle; add good alcohol sufficient to cover the gum; cork tightly, and place the jug where it will be kept warm. In about two days, if the bottle or jug is shaken frequently, the gum will be dissolved and ready for use. If the liquid appears as thick as thin molasses, add more alcohol. To one quart of varnish add one ounce of good lampblack, and an ounce of gum camphor. Such varnish will not render leather hard; but it will keep the harness from being soaked with water, and it will keep the surface clean and neat for a long time. A coat of such varnish will effectually prevent the oil in the leather from spoiling one's hands. Nothing is better to render a farmer's boots waterproof than an occasional coat of this leather varnish.